

*Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.*

*Buc.* There they be, that dare and will disturb thee:  
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King  
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,  
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,  
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

*Clif.* What say ye Countreimen, will ye relent  
And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,  
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths?  
Who loues the King, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.  
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,  
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

*All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.

*Cade.* What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to braue?  
And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs  
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath  
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that  
you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.  
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til  
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are  
all Recreants and Daftards, and delight to line in slauerie  
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur-  
thens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your  
Wiuues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will  
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light vppon you  
all.

*All.* Wee'll follow *Cade*,  
Wee'll follow *Cade*.

*Clif.* Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fift,  
That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him.  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make the meanest of you Barles and Dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:  
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,  
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.  
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,  
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished  
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?  
Me thinkes already in this ciuill broyle,  
I see them Lording it in London streets,  
Crying *Oiliago* vnto all they meete.  
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,  
Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.  
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:  
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:  
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:  
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford,  
Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

*Cade.* Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,  
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, haies them  
to an hundred mischies, and makes them leaue mee de-  
solate. I see they lay their heades together to surprize  
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:  
in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie  
middest of you, and heauens honor be witnesse, that  
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers  
base and ignominious treasons, makes me berake mee to  
my heeles. *Exit*

*Buc.* What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,  
And he that brings his head vnto the King,  
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

*And Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me souldiers, wee'll deuise a meane,  
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and  
Somerset on the Tarras.*

*King.* Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,  
And could command no more content then I?  
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,  
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.  
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,  
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

*Enter Buckingham and Clifford.*

*Buc.* Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.  
*King.* Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?  
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halts about their  
Neckes.*

*Clif.* He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,  
And humbly thus with halts on their neckes,  
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

*King.* Then heauen set ope thy euilasting gates,  
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise,  
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,  
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:  
Continue still in this so good a minde,  
And Henry though he be infortunate,  
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:  
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,  
I do dismisse you to your feuerall Countreies.

*All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Please it your Grace to be aduertis'd,  
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,  
And with a puissant and a mighty power  
Of Gallow-glasse and stout Kernes,  
Is marching hither ward in proud array,  
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,  
His Armes are onely to remove from thee  
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

*King.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke  
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,  
Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate.  
But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispers'd,  
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.  
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,  
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:  
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,  
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,  
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

*Somerset.* My Lord,  
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,  
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

*King.* In any case, be not to rough in termes,  
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

*Buc.* I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,  
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

*King.* Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,  
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Cade.*

*Cade.* Fye on Ambitions: sic on my selfe, that haue a  
sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies haue  
I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all  
the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that  
if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I  
could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue  
I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or  
I climb'd into this Garden, which is not amisse to coole  
a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word  
Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for  
a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;  
and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brauely mar-  
ching, it hath seru'd me in steede of a quart pot to drinke  
in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

*Enter Iden.*

*Iden.* Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance my Father left me,  
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.  
I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,  
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:  
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,  
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me  
for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A  
Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes  
of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make  
thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword  
like a great pin ere thou and I part.

*Iden.* Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,  
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?  
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,  
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:  
Climbing my walles in spite of me the Owner,  
But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

*Cade.* Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was  
broach'd, and beard thee to. Look on mee well, I haue  
eate no meate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy  
fiue men, and if I do not leaue you all as dead as a doore  
naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,  
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent,  
Tooke odds to combate a poore famisht man.  
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,  
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:  
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,  
Thy legge a stick compared with this Truncheon,  
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,  
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,  
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:  
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-  
on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or  
cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chins of Beefe,  
ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees  
thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

*Here they Fight.*

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come aga-  
ten meales I haue lost, and  
Garden, and be henceforth  
dwell in this house, because  
*Cade* is fled.

*Iden.* Is't *Cade* that I haue  
Sword, I will hallow thee for  
And hang thee o're my Tombe  
Ne're shall this blood be wi-  
But thou shalt weare it as a  
To embleze the Honor that

*Cade.* *Iden* farewell, and  
Kent from me, she hath lost  
the World to be Cowards:  
am vanquished by Famine,  
*Id.* How much thou wrongest

Die damned Wretch, the cu-  
And as I thrust thy body in  
So with I, I might thrust thy  
Hence will I dragge thee he-  
Vnto a dunghill, which shall  
And there cut off thy most vi-  
Which I will beare in triumph  
Leauing thy trunk for Crows

*Enter Yorke, and his  
Drum and Colours.*

*Yor.* From Ireland thus com-  
And plucke the Crowne from  
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bon-  
To entertaine great England  
Ah *Santa Maria*! who would  
Let them obey, that knowes  
This hand was made to hand  
I cannot giue due action to  
Except a Sword or Scepter be  
A Scepter shall it haue, haue  
On which Ile crosse the Fleur-de-lis

*Enter Buc.*

Whom haue we heere? *Buc.*  
The king hath sent him sure

*Buc.* Yorke, if thou mean  
*Yor.* *Humfrey* of Buckin-

Art thou a Messenger, or com-  
*Buc.* A Messenger from  
To know the reason of these  
Or why, thou being a Subiect  
Against thy Oath, and true A-

Should raise so great a powe,  
Or dare to bring thy Force  
*Yor.* Scarce can I speake,

Oh I could hew vp Rockes,  
I am so angry at these abie-  
And now like *Ajax Telamon*  
On Sheepe or Oxen could I  
I am farre better borne then  
More like a King, more Kin-  
But I must make faire weath-  
Till Henry be more weak, &  
Buckingham, I prethee pard-  
That I haue giuen no answer  
My minde was troubled with  
The cause why I haue brou-